

Our Good Old Castle on the Rock:

OR

UNION

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Price 3d. or 2s. 6d. Per dozen.

Our



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Our Good Old Castle on the Rock:

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THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

ADDRESSED TO

THE PEOPLE

OF

ENGLAND.

THIRD EDITION.

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OUR GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK, &c.

THE COMMON CAUSE.

EVERY Individual should contribute his talent, whatever be its nature and degree, to his country, when her exigencies demand: and there is not one amongst us, my Countrymen, who, while the Providence of God permits him to enjoy any corporeal or intellectual function, has not the means of doing some public good. The neglect, therefore, of any man at a crisis like the present, would be a desertion more base than treason.

The Cause now to be maintained is not that of any set of men whom the caprices of Fortune, or the constitutions of Society have placed on an eminence in trust for the rest: it does not move on the narrow scale of Ministers, Kings, nor any of their Partisans; it is

not, simply, even the august, collective body of a **TRULY** great Empire ; nor yet alone for the present age : it is the Cause of all Nations, and as we honour or disgrace it, will carry shame or glory to the remotest parts of the Earth, and to the latest Posterity.

If ever the sacred words, **COMMON CAUSE** were more appropriate at one period of the human history than at another, this is that period : and for this, every eye should now be wary, every foot in motion, and every arm prepared.

From scenes well formed to assist and encourage peaceful contemplations, permit a sincere Lover of his Country, and of all good Men in every Country, to present you with the counsels of one, who, in a life of meditation, has never deviated from the serene and flowery paths of science, into the thorny track of politicks, but when he has felt it the **DUTY** of an Englishman to quit the train of milder Reflections, has *and then* devoted himself

himself, and the best of those energies which it has pleased the great Dispenser to bestow on him, in the hope of appeasing some disturbance of the public quiet, or moderate some unhappy contention amongst his Countrymen.

He will not divide your attention amongst many objects. There is, indeed, but one left, and that can call for few arguments; but those few will speak to your reason, your affections, and your souls.

You have long been at war with others: too many of those whom you cannot even yet consider as aliens, are at war with themselves. Discussions of the motives of the *mania* that continues to drain most parts of Europe of its blood; and cold or inflammatory disputes about which has been right, which wrong, in its origin or progress, are over. Civil Discord, assuming at once the speed and desolation of the thunderbolt, moves with giant steps from one land to another; and even the Ocean is no longer a barrier.

A 4

Colossus:

Colossus-like, she strides from sea to sea, and almost, without borrowing a figure from Poetry, threatens to make the “ *Green one Red.*” She acquires bulk and vigour as she goes; and there is but one remaining way to check her sanguinary career: and unless it be immediately taken, even that will be in the grasp of this exterminating fiend: yet the way is easy, and after a brief pause, I will conduct you to it.

OUR GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK.

YES, my Countrymen, we have still to boast **OUR GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE Rock**; a Rock which Nature has made impregnable to every thing but that undermining power, which contracts the strength of Armies, and makes embattled Nations feeble as the unsinewed Babe,—**CONFEDERATION AGAINST THE COMMON CAUSE.**

Nor

Nor is this our Castle a barren possession, though encircled by the Sea; for while the idle foam dashes against it, every billow adds to its security, and the Ocean is at once its pride and its protector. Which of you does not feel that in this sacred Edifice you have an Interest, and an Inheritance? Which of you does not exult in the thought that it is your home, and that as it remains, amidst the convulsions of the Earth, an object of glory to its Friends, so doth it of despair to its Foes?—It calls, perhaps, for some repairs,—here an useless ornament to be removed—there a column taken down—in one part, a pillar to be strengthened—in another the superstructure, and possibly some of the invisible supports, to be examined. In a less agitating hour these may become subjects worthy of your attention. In the mean time even were an Enemy to take a survey, he would find that the foundation is good, and that the fabrick still stands majestically on the Rock, whereon our Ancestors

have placed it. It was designed by genuine Patriotism, and executed by genuine Wisdom. Let none of the popular infatuations seduce you into a belief that it would be for the happiness or policy of any man, now its inhabitant, to pull it down; in other words, to destroy in order to make it better. Not even the union of all the world's wisdom or policy could in a thousand years make a new one with so many excellencies, so few defects: and if some of those defects be important, as it is not to be denied they are, let a calmer moment be chosen to reform them; and even let them be reformed in the spirit of men, and not of Demons; as members of a Christian community, not as political Fanaticks,

“ Hell's work performing in the name of God.”

Be not persuaded that a new one would prove the Phœnix: it would but accumulate the mischief by doubling the ashes: it would heap ruin upon ruin, till the Rock itself, whereon Nature has sublimely enthroned it, should

should give way, and be hurled into the very sea which is now its guardian and its glory.

Would you, my Countrymen, examine the *reasons* why the venerable Pile, which amidst these almost

“ Wrecks of nature and this crush of worlds,”

has so long afforded you a shelter, should be defended by ALL whom it protects, those reasons are obvious: they are before your eyes, they appeal to your every sense, they are beating at your hearts. That Castle holds whatever in life is most precious to you: it contains the cradle of your infant Babes, whose slumbers are undisturbed and sweet; it contains your wholesome Bed, unpolluted by the Rapine of Invasion: it receives you, after the honest labours of the day, whether of body or of soul; and not even the Battle and Murder of other Nations, nor any thing but Guilt, or the visitation of Heaven, which happens to all men, can prevent your enjoyment of unbroken repose. The apartment individually

allotted to you, whether spacious or otherwise, incloses a thousand other blessings ; but were there only these, let those senses and those hearts decide whether they are not sufficient to enroll you among the zealous Defenders of your Country ? Which of you that duly appreciates these peculiar privileges, will not, as with one voice, exclaim, as if to bind yourselves in one solemn oath of voluntary allegiance to the **COMMON CAUSE**,—“ *I will live or die, fight or fall, in defence of my CASTLE?*”

Nor is this the Language of an Enthusiast. You will be justified in it upon every ground of natural feeling, reason, and common sense : for you may defy not only the Malecontents, but the Innovators themselves, to tell you in what other part of Europe, not too remote for the revolutionary contest, such a cradle for the young, a crutch so secure for the aged, or a couch so safe for all, is to be found ? With all its blemishes, and amidst all its injuries, the

Good

GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK, is still the best Protection of its Natives; and even the Sons and Fathers of its most implacable Enemies hail it, in this hour of peril, as their only asylum.

And what, my Countrymen, are your complaints against it?—Are your conditions, in some particulars, unequal?—Does the hand of Power seem to press a heavier burthen on some than on others?—and is the fruitful Domain, annexed to your Castle, parcelled out unfairly?—Do not judge in this way: there is no situation that has not its measures of evil mingled with its good: but even on your own estimate, you can only be comparatively high or low, rich or poor: an extension of the rule by which you judge will make your own allotment as much superior to those beneath your destiny, as to those whom you imagine to be above it: and, casting an eye of observation on the suffering world, there is scarcely an Individual in the

Realm

Realm of England who may not, with grateful feelings, ejaculate,

“ What Myriads wish to be as blest as I !”

Under these happy emotions, look then, my Countrymen, at your still peaceful cottage, and its cheering hearth;—cherish your little gardens,—dress your smiling fields,—or, if you have none of the latter, consider what your culture of them, for others, produces to you in comfort, in health, and social love:—consider them as the wholesome toil and reward of your industry. Turn your eye on the Family whom that industry nourishes; on the sick neighbour to whom labour permits the morsel and cordials of loving kindness to be dispensed; and as you survey these objects of the social and kindred heart, with numberless others that twine like its fibres around them, you will be proud of your Country; will feel yourselves more than ever pledged to support her; you will bless her fruitful soil, which so many envy; and detach your thoughts from every

every thing that would annoy your comfort in
your **GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK**,

The recapitulation of the enjoyments still
sacred to the **PEOPLE OF ENGLAND** must
have reached your best, because your purest,
affections. And while these are leading you
to a grateful train of thought, and stirring your
hearts to generous feeling, it is a crisis most
favourable to the tenure on which you hold
these enjoyments: and as that inevitably leads
to a brief but tremendous account of the re-
verse of the Picture, we will make another
pause before it is presented for your contem-
plation. In that pause, my Countrymen,
whatever be your state and station, dwell fond-
ly on the benignant privileges which you
have yet to boast; and be it the earnest prayer
of all Britons to the Fountain of Peace, that
these privileges may continue to **THEM**, and
be restored to the wise and just of every other
Country, more especially those of the Sister
Kingdom

Kingdom, for whom we must yet feel a kindred solicitude.

THE CASTLE IN DANGER.

To draw your feelings, my beloved Countrymen, from a sense of Security to an alarm of Danger; from an almost providential exemption from the general tumults of Society to scenes which accumulate Dismay and Horror, seems inconsistent with the professions of a Friend. Yet it is only from clear and distinct views of an object that we can form any correct estimate concerning its good or evil; the motive, therefore, must excuse me to you for the salutary pain I must give by pointing at the possibility of your former happy sensations being converted into their reverse. Let us, for a moment, contemplate the Castle, and its richly cultivated domain, in ruins: for none of you can be ignorant that

that such ruin is meditated; and that it is, indeed, the darling passion of your most determined Foe. Let us imagine the menace to be effected. The devourer has taken possession of the sacred Earth that surrounds your Castle. Let us even suppose, preposterous as is the supposition, that you should deny her the succour she has a right to claim, how shall I exhibit to you the features of the hideous Portrait which would be formed by such Degeneracy? The fairest hopes of the Scythe and Sickle would fall in one crimson heap before you; and the Instruments used at this tranquil hour to prepare the bread of life, would be constrained to reap a bloody harvest, in which not only the toils of the year, but of the whole lives of your forefathers, might, in less time than has been employed to entrust the generous seed into a single acre of the Earth, be involved. Here, as, alas! we have but too lately witnessed in other countries, every harmless utensil of

Husbandry

Husbandry might be called in as an auxilliary of the destructive sword, to assist in the murder of your wives and innocent offspring. Or, what is yet more lamentable, your own hearts may be hardened by the contagion of dire example, and you, yourselves, become the assassins of those who are now most near and dear to you. Or, if there can be an extreme more dire, more disnatured than this, those very hands which you have espoused at the altar of God, and those arms which enfold you with conjugal or paternal love, and appeal to you for protection, soothe all your cares, and double all your joys, may—O shuddering thought!—be raised against the bosoms of friend or lover, or strike at the heart of husband or father—every soft tie of nature and affection dissolved in the frenzy of mistaken zeal, and impelled by the headlong vehemence of civil fury.

From the summit of your Cattle, survey a scene like this, even now carrying on in one
of

of the fairest appendages of your Sister Country:—a repetition of the soul-sickening deeds which have been committed in another ill-fated land within your view.

Compared with these horrors, what are the local hardships, or all the temporary difficulties levied by the exigence of the times, to prevent them?—Which of you would not sacrifice a limb to save the whole body?—Think, for one moment, you see the wholesome, though perhaps hard-earn'd meal, which your Industry has gained, and your faithful wife prepared for you and for her little ones, snatched from you. Imagine you behold these dearer parts of yourself bathed in their blood—dying or dead before you.

Nor let such of you, my Countrymen, as are more opulently accommodated, believe that you will, in any case, exchange one good for another. O how vainly do ye suppose, that in sacrificing *Riches*, ye will purchase *Liberty*! that glaring, but false meteor which deludes

deludes many from every point of reason, good faith, and common sense!—You would only barter patrimonial fortune, or the nobler acquisitions of Industry, for dishonoured Poverty; and sell rational Freedom, which may be perfected without these horrors, for more confirmed slavery. What better than these exchanges have been made in any of the countries where the crimson Banner of Revolution has been reared, or the boasted Tree of Liberty planted? Survey the reeking trophies of the one, and the bitter fruits of the other. In each of the warring countries, whether successful or conquered, wherever Freedom had ten old wounds, she has now a thousand new ones. Avoid the last, and use a better weapon than the sword of Treason—Treason against your *own* majesty,—to correct the daring offenders who gave the first!

There are political Cathartics yet to be found, more efficacious than the caustic which Rebellion can apply: but I repeat, that no healing

healing power can be used till the deep-mouthed wounds, which are now given to **DOMESTIC ORDER**, are cured by the return of **DOMESTIC TRANQUILLITY**. And this brings us to the means by which this order and tranquillity can be attained, and which I promised to point out.

THE CASTLE PRESERVED.

WIDE spreading as is the mischief, my Countrymen, what is there of good, not physically impossible, which cannot be accomplished by **UNION** ?

Turn your eyes to the wonders, the almost miracles, of **UNION**. Deserts converted to blooming pasture ; the craggy rock into a conveyance of living waters ; the sullen flint into genial fire ; the wild waste, which scarcely gives the verdure of the thistle, into a fragrant garden ; the most baneful poisons into salu-

tary food for the healthy, or medicines for the sick ; the frowning pit, and misshapen quarry into a magnificent city. These are the least important of the powers of UNION ; they are the work of men's hands :—a nobler wonder is reserved for you, my Countrymen—for your hearts ;—an honest exertion of these in the COMMON CAUSE shall preserve your inheritance. UNION shall make your fixed and floating Castles indeed triumphant. But the Union must not only be general, as, praise be to the British character, it now is—it must be UNIVERSAL,—the whole Patriot soul informing and animating the whole Patriot body.

The best, bravest, and most wise amongst you, of ALL parties, agree to call the defence of your native Land against an *invading* Foe, whether foreign or domestic, true Patriotism. In the name of the Patriot, then, I conjure you to encourage it.—My Friends, it is the ardent, active, and sacred principle that has already

already led you to suspend all your accustomed pleasures, all gainful pursuits, or at least to consider them as secondary; to postpone every question of what is hereafter to be discussed, and every measure that may be adopted for Prince or People, for Church or State. The more you contemplate, the more will you be convinced that UNION is the one thing immediately needful. Without it, indeed, nothing either of Heaven or Earth could preserve its beauty or its use. A few discordant parts would unsettle the whole system of the spheres,—the planets would rush furious on each other, the moon be hurled from her orbit, and the Earth be shrivelled like a scroll by a spark from the sun. My Countrymen, imitate that which holds the Heavens themselves together. **UNITE: PRESERVE ORDER: BE FAITHFUL to YOURSELVES;** and, secure in your **GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK,** you may bid defiance to the embattled **Globe.**

THE END.